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IN MEMORIA DI MEYERBEER.

MEYERBEER'S RECORD

NEW POETICAL ESSAYS

BY

JAMES PINCHERLE

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH SONNETS ON SHAKESPEARE AND DANTE'S CENTENARY.

TRIESTE
1867.

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COL RICORDO

DELL'IMMORTALE MAESTRO

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

COMPIO

I MIEI SONETTI INGLESI

IN

PROFONDA AMMIRAZIONE

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Trieste, 1867. GIACOMO PINCHERLE.

XLI.

SONNET TO MEYERBEER.

Some high Poets' genius into our times
Transfused, meseems as chanting to thy notes,
From Heaven shot them forth, unto all climes,
True Art by thee was startled, on it dotes;
For, thy philosopher's vers'd fancy chimes
In the loftiest text; thy harp, too, denotes
Thy soul, which, self-examen's love sublimes;
Robert, the Prophet, th' African, Hughenots,
Are superior numbers, so grand, so true,
That the spirit God's, through them, I'll extol,
Who did bless thy conceptions, and bedew
The world, with deep as mellow airs that thrall
The vulgar, Study task, all minds imbue,
And cause Fame, thee Immortal to enrol.

XLII.

THE FIRMAMENT.

That these surmised worlds, dotting our sky's face,
Formed too a purposed mystical handwrit,
Typed by the Most Wise, in thousandfold grace,
To our souls' lecture, when on their exit?
An angelic tongue of Heaven's preface
To spell? were they grand charts of science lit,
Th' index of Creation, bright and apace,
— Which but yon diamond ciphers did fit —
To guide us in the unimagined Land?
The High Architect's own work on His all?
— Glorious, unaccountable as the sand —
Blessed Stars! I love your sight, but I must call
Back my thoughts, lest, unbridled, they expand
In too bold, wide figures for a mortal.

XLIII.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

When one will find the Balloons' direction,
Birds'-like, to journey thro' the plains of air,
In all safety to make the ascension
Uppermost the clouds, then — no more despair,
Gross immorality and deception,
With the vices to which our flesh is heir,
Shall degrade our souls, for elevation
Born; our very body shall much less care
Materialism; raised by Zephir's flitter,
It shall fondly breathe th'angelic current
Of Earth's, aversed, good feelings: yon ether
Will rarefy men's bile; improve thither
Those dull or greedy minds, whose apparent
Life's scope is gold, their morals gold's glitter.

XLIV.

SORDIDNESS.

Were man to live for ever, he might shut
His heart or purse 'gainst noble impulses,
And in the stress of discouragement put
Him, whose talents want of aid convulses.
Thus, the artist or author drive to glut
His spleen on himself: what he indulges
Into, grand or good's, se'ing unfriendly cut
Off and slighted, this at length expulses
His own offspring — science, study, transport,
Reverence for Letters and the fine Arts,
Turned fragile Fortune's, the egotists' sport,
Might soon make of his mind a curst abort,
Earth's a den — cheer up rich parts! poor departs
The miser hence; to him, a wretched sort!

XLV.

JEALOUSY IN A RIDDLE.

I think, that venom which home peace doth blast
Did push our fathers to maime so our fair;
Foul Jealousy, that blinds man to despair,
Now and then shows us her grim face aghast.
'Ladies are not to walk out for an air'
An iron rule they obey, but fain cast
On us a look — their doom tho' — does'nt long last,
We oft find their fat corpse reeled from the chair
Foul Jealousy! that to madness near blinds,
Soon again shows us a ghastly grim face;
Pursuing with fiery dragons and fiends.
Foul Jealousy, thou night of stupid days,
Be curst! blessed be the new liberal minds
Who'll loose ladies from those prejudiced stays.

XLVI.

COLUMBUS' STATUE

(IN 1862).

At Genoa, thy monument still veiled
I saw, like a risen Dead, the sea and rail
Ecstatic pierce through, as thy Shadow hailed
Our times, thy vile crews scorning at the sail,
When they ingloriously almost compelled
Thy glorious course to veer, thy hopes to fail:
The voice of rapid Progress, not their yelled
Threats, methought now to cheer thy shrouded frail
Organism — of thy Land's air too long weaned,
Which, with new life replenished, Tyrennus
Would soon behold free, happily entwined
To the Appenines — thy wide Seer's genius
Yet, that sack'd gloom to light chose, as, thus screened,
Thou weptest thy World's woes, gallant Columbus.

XLVII.

LOVE'S SCRUPLES.

Endowed with traits of gaiety as sadness,
Strangely shining thro' thy bright mournful eyes,
Thy aspect seems, joint t'an air of stateness,
Humour, and at same time sore love for sighs.
Enamoured I'm of this rare harmony,
Rigour with gentleness thy dark looks bid,
That betray, out from thy physiognomy,
Expressions of much pathos inside hid.
Does not the tune, pathetic, of thy voice
Echo some disparaged feeling within
Shut? Love scrupled with doubt — this bane of joys.
Queen by name and port! will thou, then, entwin
Unravelled, my affection, as no choice
In me to leave than vow: Love's not a sin?

XLVIII.

HOPE.

As, in the thickest bushes revolving,
Glowworms may guide the lover's heedless gait
Across the path, where — the moon not shining,
He's to meet his silvan fairy, her wait;
When, too much gleed at the phosphoric bait
They glare round his eyes, wearied with searching,
In vain, the spot his sweet did assignate,
His sanguine heart leaves off, awhile, sighing,
And with false expectance wooed, as amour,
Gratefully doting 'pon Nature's kind scope,
Blind night itself to relieve from langour,
He trusts 'fore his maid's steps glows like splendour —
Thus, we illume our thoughts sometimes with Hope:
Oft a glimpse, as transient as that ardour.

LXIX.

MATRIMONIALS.

To join loveliness with an earnest face,
To look elegant and, yet, not be vain,
To shine with beauty as with Virtue's rays,
To instil love for Good, for ill disdain,
To wit: to please and not one's fame disgrace,
To feel for the old, helpless and sick's pain,
To home or pity works spare hours restrain,
To walk, in a few words, on honest ways,
It is, forsooth, a due, fine quotation,
When, bloated ladies or foppish young men,
Seduced, seducers, dare throw derision
Upon the faithful's sacred connexion,
Sworn on the Altar, affirmed with the pen —
An oath, oft apt, now, to profanation.

LXX.

A DISTRESSED WIFE.

A lady by her husband deserted,
And, resourceless, left in this vale of woes
With some infants, did her wits — alas — lose:
Life, Nature's laws she last night inverted.
After having, herself, in vain exerted
To him but the beasts' pity to infuse
On their issue, when bread she heard 'em refuse,
She a glass opened — no chance averted
Her desperate fall — they found her a corpse,
Mangled and smashed, the street's shocking bloodscene,
Which might've been spared by a timely divorce.
Now learn, husbands, from her husband's remorse,
In your wife's distress with love t'intervene,
Lest on you, like him, entail bad Cain's curse!

LXXI.

JERUSALEM.

(PARAPHRASED FROM JEREMIAH).

How robed with mournful weeds, how languid art
Thou, as thou didst the loss of thy spouse pine,
Judah's lion lies dismally supine
On thy desert square, bustless is thy mart.
Tho' thy exploits with History sha'nt part,
And thy sacred soil with glory doth shine,
'Spite being still all Nations' pious shrine,
Earth's jewel once — heavy is yet thy heart.
But is not God the high Ruler of Fate,
Does He not o'er orphans and widows watch,
Shall joy no more resound from Zion's gate?
Can He find relish in thy long regret,
Who shone on thee a beauty without match,
Will He not thy ruins redress soon or late?

LXXII.

'TO MY MOTHER'.

(MY TRANSLATION FROM HEINE'S SONNET).

My custom is to raise my head much high,
My mind's sense does, also, somehow stand fast,
Were the king himself on my face to eye,
I would'nt, for it, my looks on the ground cast.
Yet, mother dear, I must it notify,
How so might'ly pride, too, my soul may blast,
When to thy homely, blessed, sweetness I'm nigh,
Me oft does a most servile fear contrast.
Is it thy spirit stealth'ly me ruling,
That high spirit which doth boldly pervade
All, full of light, to Heaven's light soaring?
Memory as stings me, that I have made
So many an act thy heart displeasing,
The fair heart, that to mine so much love bade!

LXXIII.

NO PETTY ANTAGONISM.

TO

During my stay at Paris — my sick heart,
Rudely been tried by a domestic fate,
Grievously I mourned in many lands' part —
Had no friends with, its pains to mitigate;
Oft slighted, forgot, as one did not rate
Letters — except of Exchange — 'spite Print's art,
Libraries' address, 'clerks-office' bought prate —
Enough, if serious, work to all impart —
No chance cheered me — till I met thee, good soul,
Devoted in purest philantropy:
Occupation to bid, tutors console.
Rejoice in Heaven — Dean of Philology,
Father to the linguist, as, thy kind call,
Force of speech and mind — cleared Difficulty.

LXXIV.

BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN.

Bound, roar along, mad bull, with rageful gores,
Till thy corrëodor thee outbreathes,
Dash onwards rapidly, without remorse,
Else the crowd thee and thy hunters hisses.
Their gushing dire wounds are a jolly source
Of sport and traffic, which but increases
With the savage shouts of the rich and coarse,
Ah! one driver's life suddenly ceases.
Th'inflamed animal still more incited
By the motley rabble's pitiless cries,
Runs freshly flayed by men there round sited,
Who at last, at their blood's price win the prize —.
Should people, claiming to be enlightened,
Indulge, whereto some man for some bull dies?

LXXV.

LONDON.

The maze of Europe, in her magnitude,
The standard for a person's liberty,
A wat'ry plain for a quick multitude,
Her river, her streets, show th'immensity
Of splendour and good that exactitude,
The Bible's lecture, one's rights' dignity,
With a frank spirit, yield, in gratitude
And harmony, to Arts and Industry.
A Niniveh for men's utility,
Not, one king's pride, or old rulers' caprice
By dense walls restrained, frow'ned by battery;
Next Peking in bulk, first in Charities,
Her bridges link aid, wealth to poverty,
And unmatched Beauties without artifice.

LXXVI.

PETRARC'S XLVII.

(MY TRANSLATION).

Blessed be the day, the month, seas'n, time and year,
The hour, the moment, the fair land and spot,
Where I met with two lovely eyes, so dear,
That my heart have entwined as with a knot.
Blessed be, too, the sweet languishment felt near
To Love's bonds first; the sore, although mild, lot
With arrows hit to be, which could then spear
And wound my very heart, from pathos hot.
Blessed be the manifold accents I breathed
Calling the name of my Lady aloud,
My tears, my sighs. the fond desires she raised.
And blessed be all page wherein I impressed
The fame I proclaim her: my thoughts, much proud
To be hers alone, hers — for none so blessed.

LXXVII.

OSTEND.

A fishermen's spot — as well of fashion,
Quaint, elegant, dull and yet much lively.
Once, about, noon, at the tide's progression,
Fair bathers, I there saw jut out tiny
Boxes' - o dear mayflies — and immersion
Undergo in silk costumes much tidy;
Those motley nimphs long drew my attention,
As pale patients, Tourists, in busy
Merriment, thronged over the parterre
Wall of the Casino adjacent, stand
Shouting, when by the waves hid those appear
Soon afloat, their hair in a ruffled gear;
At night, still more romantic that white strand
By iris seas lashed to view, and to hear.

LXXVIII.

A RIDDLE.

I am lifeless, and, yet, am full of life;
Almost valueless, still very much worth;
I but man serve — tho', am blest by his wife,
For, if I leave him, I'll prove her a curse.
I am so kind, that all with great care nurse
Me and lull; sheltered, I am from all strife
Of hail and air, and still move with it forth.
My sole dread is the South, or an edged knife,
Poignard and similar arms, whom my back
I rudely turn to. For loving one far
Being born, whose dwelling I cannot well track,
To all officious, I never do lack
Attention to my duty — my strange star
Though, is him, unknown, to love, with love's quake.

LXXIX.

TO

Saviour those tribes' once yoked by barbarians —
lerusalem, Damascus, Mogador,
Russia, thro' stormy seas, at vast distance,
Mounts'ices, wastes' scorching heats, Your indoor
Metropolitan comfort and radiance,
Obscured oft and marred with the gloom of sore
News of wrongs, felt at Courts or civilians' —
Then Your Lady and You all left to pour
Excited with a zeal divine, relief,
Fortitude and hope unto their's distress:
Imparting fresh life in Man-kind's belief.
O true Philantrope, as Lady Judith,
Reap Conscience's sweet fruits below for long days,
Eternal Her to view, by all souls' Chief.

LXXX

LOVE IS ARISTOCRATIC.

Love to be true love, must have a knowledge
Of what is required to embellish life;
For, brutes also love, but in the bondage
Of instinct, instead of a godly strife
For purer feelings — their love is savage.
Beware of those whose notions are: man, wife,
Alone love eachother, else 's dotage —
The dull youths may grow purently rife.
A soaring mind must as control our frame,
And not level it with a material state;
Apparent sentiment — mere stratagem,
May one draw to it, the heart to satiate
Finding it a worm in lieu of a gem,
Best's to forego — Love must nobilitate.

LXXXI.

ON MY DEAR NEPHEW'S DEMISE.

'Death's smile' is not a hyperbolic voice
For noting the courage of resigned souls,
I have seen it — alas — his face rejoice
With a content air my heart still recalls.
So mild, benignant on his lips, as his choice
Friendly heart, th'angels had sought, Heaven's halls
To enter in their union: such envoys
His goodness behoved; in the long suffring
He patiently bore, he guessed good mother,
Family's, friends' vow, who much endearing
Him. prayed, he had his state been ignoring,
He would smile then to one and to other
T'ease their grief — so Heaven eased him when dying.
May such traits be all upright men's closer!

LXXXII.

TO MESMER.

Good minister of Health — from Heaven us sent,
To reveal the sixth sense of unseen soul,
Glory thou reapedst but alive — thy life spent,
Fellst in oblivion — the reverse of all
Eminents spirits — no bust in the hall
Of thy great landsmen raised to thy talent —
Wise Newton argued a fluid mutual,
Thou, foundst it — though no City 's more intent
To adopt thy doctrines, and benefit
Mankind with thy resources of Nature.
Why so? perchance in our quick days to sit,
Few like, by sick men long, in fix'd posture,
Soul and body devoted to emit
Life — but, thy fame lies, meanwhile, with Future.

LXXXIII.

POLA'S ANTIQUITIES.

I walked round the Theat'r of the Romans,
Facing an adequate grandeur: the Bay,
I passed under the Arch of the Sergians,
And Augustus' Temple, grown not the prey
Of gnawing age I entered. Shall then clay
Outlive clay! — I mused — Titus or Hadrian's,
That Cesar's proud frame, was doomed to decay
As mortals', still, their piles, like the Chaldeans'
Strives, in Egypt tempered, rear defiant
Their front, in mockery of destruction,
While none but such marks on Earth are remnant
Of their use to mankind and progression?
My soul turn'd vandal, and with ire pregnant
It chid time — then, praised Civilization.

LXXXIV.

A RIDDLE.

I've been a moral sunshine reflecting
The Word unto mankind's darkly veiled eye,
I've come for a new Power erecting
That Good, Truth should reveal, and ill descry.
My ripe days have been humbly projecting
The good of all men; I did then untie
The chains, free will and reason affecting,
I impressively spread the Slave's outcry.
I first, bade the world the Good's tiding,
'A Shepherd' I called by, me to assist;
Persecuted, we set in our hiding,
A new rule, that did outshine all writing
The past has enscrolled. — My name you may list,
Upon a 'fair mount:' Wrongs, Abuse endicting.

LXXXV.

IDEALISM CURES JEALOUSY.

And thy heart flatters thee it is endeared,
By her, whom I loved because she loved me;
Tho' from her lips my name is long arreared,
It is still foremost in her memory.
— Why should it not? since, spite mine being seared,
Its wounds yet ache, at her sight, sensibily,
Are her own indeed, so well scarred and healed,
Not to think hers too shall then aching be? —
And thou wilt give her a ring, espouse her,
Whilst an invisible ring doth connect us:
Her hand 'll pertain thee — her soul will hover
Around mine — dost thou find it so glorious
To be deemed an owner, not a lover?
But — rule in peace, thou makest not me jealous.

LXXXVI.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF THE NILE

(IN THE VATICAN'S GALLERY — MY TRANSLATION FROM M. MISSIRINI'S).

Fertile River, from ancient majesty
So proud, as alarm to all souls inspire,
From the dire slaughter of Thebe and Palmire
How thee the Gods rescued propitiously.
Say, where's now Sesostri's race and Ptolomy,
Where the Egyptian's grandeur, of the Assire ?
The dumb horror of the pale Dead's retire
Haunts about their arches' dust and trophy.
Voracious years, a furious arméd folk
All upset; the Scyth in his mad fierceness
Oppresses Asia with a savage yoke;
Thou, yet, standest fast, and th'immense wickedness
Of Time canst affront, nay even provoke —
Since — but the High one works' days are endless.

LXXXVII.

A RIDDLE.

I am a woman, a great one indeed,
I'm open-minded, if stiff is my heart,
So that in my brains one may lightly read:
My love is vowed but to Science and Art.
O'er these I preside, yet I e'er agreed
To yield, a while, the presidency's part;
Those entering into my views, I lead
Myself to; then, my face off them I start.
They call me beauteous, but am too much shy,
And no lips can boast of having kissed me;
Courted by Artists who at my feet lie,
I but them smile with a chaste upright glee,
Or urge them mounting up my hall, to vie
With wreathed merit, my glorious soil to see.

LXXXVIII.

A RIDDLE.

I'm a true riddle, none did unravel,
Please, ask it to the learnéd historian,
I but know " our old came from a travel
Afar „ no books with us, no grammarian.
Hear, for " goodbye „ in our language " *devel* „
I say, apparently a barbarian,
Devil-like sound, yet, 'tis on the level
With the most polished new Perso-iran!
By " *Trash devlister, kehr tshatshò, ma trash,* „
I mean: fear God, do right, nobody shun —
A hint, that to approach me does'nt abash.
But the White did hunt me, rack me, and lash;
Shunned as idle, dirty, town's thief, I run
Bewildered the world, its freest son — alas!

THE PSALM I.

(IN THE GIPSIES' TONGUE: A BRANCH OF THE HINDOSTANEE AND SANSKRIT.)

1. Bâchtèlo o mánusch ke na dshála pal o patschêppen midshéskeri gadsche, nâni atschêla job an o grechéngheri trom, nâni pes beschêla an o prâsaweskeri stámmin. — 2. Vai, leskero sharòppen hi an o Devêleskero penâppen, te andri lesde pennappen job dikkêla pral o diwes te í ratt. — 3. Job vêla ssir jek rûk tshivdó pash o náshepaskeri pánim, ke annêla wri pes bershéréskero pabûi; ninna pes sennêli patrinja ma tshukkovêla, te shallauter job kêrêla adoleste dêla but bacht. — 4. Na dâla i midsho gadsche, vai, jon hi ssir o churdin tshivavdó pashal i parwul. — 5. Doleske, i midsho gadsche na steijen tardo ane grisni, nâni i grechéngheri rómnitschel andri o tshatshôpaskero kêr. — 6. Ghé, u Rai dshanêla o midshto roméskeri trom: vai, o midshopèngheri trom merêla.

(Translated by James Pincherle.)

LXXXIX.

FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(INSCRIBED WITH HIS MOST ESTEEMED PROFESSOR AND FRIEND C. F. FITZ-GIBBON ESQ.)

But a vision. — To Paris invited,
Round a table, lay sitting all the Sires,
Chiefs, Min'sters of the world, who concerted
In mutual good faith, that, what man aspires
To — Peace, at last proved so; then they lighted
From the Tuilleries electric bonfires,
Which, to all Earth reconciled, emitted
Vivid sparks of joy, thro' the despatchs'wires.
And night was transformed as in a sunshine.
Bells melodiously pealed a tuned motive,
Man embraced man, for, men from men to pine
Ceased. Some wreathed Shadows, plain clad, with olive
Branches at their breasts and hands, did incline
And shout: Temple of Reas'n! we, too, are votive.

XC.

A PORTRAIT.

Thy fair visage, in earnestness suprised,
Minerva to my fancy represents,
My poetry in thee has realised
The classic fine Museums ornaments.
Thy profuse hair commandingly impends,
Helmet-like blent, from thy serene brow; seized
Is my Muse with awe, my heart to thee bends;
And when thy eye meets mine—my soul feels eased.
Thy pearled mouth in a smiling attitude
Caught, thee transforms in dear jovial Cybele,
A smile, full of grace and beatitude.
Thy pure lips or hands when air have imbued
With thy notes, show thee the charming Sybil:
Wise, chaste, to whom for love Apollo sued.

XCI.

FORBEARANCE.

I was one fine summer day at Hietzing,
With a dear Family at D. 's Garden
Dining, when, all chairs taken, no sitting
Could an old Comer find, like a warden
Of night, quaintly dressed; him friendly greeting,
Yet, our lady her sons bade, as said 'pard'n'
He sat on our vacant place, and talking
Begun of his health, which, meseemed to hard'n,
A droll five lapped coat he wore; then snuffing
Offered our party round from a queer box,
To set ten thousand nostrils a-sneezing,
A pinch all deign'd tho', no practical jokes
Were tricked him the while, no outright laughing
At him, envenomed his half-pint of bock's.

XCII.

A RIDDLE.

I was born in a meek swarthy cottage
To reside in the wealthiest house on Earth;
Was it a mere freak of Fortune's dotage,
Or did God destine me to be of worth
And use to all Mankind? — not, for savage,
Idiots' gripe of possession I'm sprung forth
To mount, surely, so high — but, the salvage
Of some wronged people — a source in his dearth
To be, and justice him done of all claim —
Fearlessly, because of my pow'r; loudly,
For, God aided me: yes, my very name
Imports it — against abuse, peacefully
To fight and spoliation, I on Earth came —
The needy, distressed, to 'shield vividly'.

XCIII.

TO THEATRICALS.

(A RIDDLE).

I am hid, albeit I may oft'n be seen,
I'm lazy and quick — touch me if you dare,
From the poor man's door to that of the Queen
No difference I make. Vanity fair
I abhor, as she abhors me; between
Me and maids at toilet, dressing their hair,
There is enmity, chiefly on the scene
Or stage — their contempt can blaze my despair.
Well, since I'm furious when so neglected,
If I'm even cruel when much caressed,
My whims or rules should be more respected.
Have I not a change in towns effected,
Is not bright Progress, too, thro' me expressed?
In 'Lachaise' a shrine to me's erected.

XCIV.

THE ECLIPSE.

(MY TRANSLATION FROM D.r GAZZOLETTI'S SONNET TO A CONVALESCENT LADY).

The sun we saw rise majestic and high,
And the turmoil of Nature too revive,
Then suddenly the morn grow dim and shy,
A foul impure spot his rays of deprive.
And a chilled air, a sick light near to die
Did o'er the dismal plain waive; birds captive
Dropt — when. torn is thal veil, lucid the skie
Shines anew — all cheers his tone reactive.
Thus first we saw thee by deadly illness
Caught o woman; then, from Death's grasp wrested,
To show a more blooming, more joyous face.
'Oh, all what light or life has sure suffers',
Said we first, soon after: 'the smile rescued
From pain charms, as does the Sun from darkness'.

XCV.

A RIDDLE.

I, like the elephant, live in the wood,
He stands on four, I stand even on three;
I'm very tame, but if one e'er strikes me
Too much, rough I grow or in a strange mood.
I keep a strict diet, my only food
Is exercise, air; I'm fond of a key
And other metals' — that's my vanity,
Masters have'nt you yet my wants understood?
My mouth is not narrow, yet, polished much,
It did never did swallow any one's hand;
Mind me, when you take me by seas or land,
Gently I like to lie down, ne'er to crouch,
Else from your service, pray, do me disband;
Let but those touch me, who know how to touch.

XCVI.

TO SIGNOR

Grand son of Italy's harmonic Muse,
Oh, how on thee she beamed her lordliness!
The voice of Heaven, so blest, she would infuse.
Through notes that vibrate — and sound all sweetness;
As in Holophernes, whose ireful abuse
Lawful near seems: thus, touches thy tongue's stress;
Dropped might've each arm, courage fail to, refuse
In Judith's heart, if heard thy song's prowess.
Great, unmatched, Artist in this tragic part,
Heroically performed by thy dear mate,
In their turn the Graces will us, then, start
Enraptured with thy mimicks and gay prate
Re-echoed from Seville — joy to impart
In our souls — which thy voice does fascinate.

XCVII.

A RIDDLE.

I am oblong, round, square, massive or thin,
Not often noisy, my speech is genteel;
Though whispering I go on a good deal,
People ain't annoyed; for, it is not a din
Like my eldest brother's, whose haughty will
Is proclaimed aloud, on all forced and seen.
During the day my duty I fulfill
As at night; from pomp aye afar and sheen.
By some my hands are loved, by some hated,
Yet mine are the harmlest hands of the globe;
Straightforward I am, therefore much rated;
In my life I can't be associated
With violent men, should they dare to rob
Me, my hands relax — t'be vindicated.

XCVIII.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

When Lesseps' great works will attain their end,
And through the Isthm be, long, steamed the passage,
How marvellous would sound, once, a Message
From Europe, Africa, Asia, to blend
With Australia, America, and send
Israel, across that Pharao's rivage,
With love, back to his Land, as the presage
Of his Scriptures: if, scattered, he'ld amend.
So then, a most glorious, most solemn Day,
Which, ne poverty, wealth, nor martyrdom,
Could waive from its believers yet away.
And by those times who shall e'er tell what may
Still spring from that Isthm, b'sides the Jews' kingdom
Restored — th'East repolished? — th'end to men's fray?

XCIX.

CLEMENCY.

This divine gift, is masterly expressed
To him who may visit St. Anna's tombs.
The stern Angel, charged with the Mortals' dooms,
Weighing their sins, should hold the sword upraised,
Soon to chastise. Grace smiles — although — impressed
On yon Seraph's lines — the thought to smite glooms
That piteous soul awhile — Remission looms
From Heav'n, the sword's lower'd, the grasp repressed.
Composedly shining with what implored,
On his grave face one sees Forgiveness blest,
Compassion earth's frailty — Mercy accord.
Capolino, a Sculptor much deplored,
Scholar of Rome — an honour to Trieste,
This fair granite worked: it is his record.

C.

A CONCLUDING PRAYER.

Father of Light! — light of the Mind and Earth,
Do not bereave me of yon supreme care,
If worth obscurity, let friends', love's dearth
Waste my life, ere my sight dim or impair.
Father of Light! do grant my eyes the mirth
Nature's joy t'enjoy; my days thro', them spare,
The rich lustre that Good with Beauty girdth
Around thy Creation's creatures to share.
Father of Light! who wouldst gaudily bind
Atoms with hues, in fairest harmony,
On the rainbow, to the fly worm, designed,
Thanks to Thee, for Thy daily rays destined
To our sight; O, may Thy luminary
Of Truth, too, prevail: o, may none grow blind!

SONETTO XVII DI SHAKESPEARE.

(VERSIONE DI GIACOMO PINCHERLE).

Chi al verso mio creder potrà in futuro
Se degli alti tuoi pregi è ancor ripieno?
Mentre, il Cielo lo sa, che tutto è oscuro
Sull'ente tuo, chè, i più li cela in seno.
Se dello sguardo tuo dicessi il puro
Dì, e noverassi de' tuoi vezzi il treno —
" Il poeta, dirien, mente sicuro
" Mai così il Ciel plasmò viso terreno „
Ed i miei scritti, dall'etade rosi,
Qual ciancie più che verità, schiffati,
I veri merti tuoi, sol versi irosi
D'un sdolcinato antico suon nomati:
Come riescirebber deliziosi
Se fossero da te rianimati.

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